

Cammels crosse rowe.

Doth playnely shewe,
woythout lyes or gyle:
his foolyshe feattes,
wohich ragyng freattes,
the truthe for to reuyle.



A Wpcked man doth set his mynde, his heart, and hole intent,
To sclaunder truthe, a godlynesse, and hurte the innocent.
B ut blessed be al those that be so falsly lped apou:

And paciently do suffre it, whome God dothe helpe eche one.
A tche no man in his wordes to soone, but reade for better minde,
For so the Jewes pursued Chyste, some trypp with hym to fynde.
D isencion, discorde, variaunce, and those that make debate,
The Lord that loneth vnytte, dothe soze detest and hate.

E mbrace and loue your enemy, Chyste byddeth very playne:
How can you for whan you for loue do rende: hate agayne.

H osake your forged lyes, and turne your flattery to truthe:
And leaue in age the wyckednesse that you had in your youthe.

G od gyueth all the gyftes, to man, the which be good and pure:
For of our self we haue nothynge but euil, I am sure.

H aue no dylte, the gyftes of God, so wyckedly to vse,
To sclaunder good and vertuous thynges: I can not you excuse.

I praye to God the Lord of myght, that euery wycked tonge,
Wryght ones by roote be weded out, his people from a monge.

E now we wel, befoze you knyt your knot, the meaning, and the ende:
And learne, at thynges of Godlynesse, your wycked lyfe to mende.

L yke as the Horse dothe wynde, whan he is rubbed on the gall:
So wycked do at goodly thynges, to mende theyr lyfe wpyhall.

M oche euell comes by those that wold mayntayne all wyckednesse,
And eke peruert instruction good, and sclaunder godlynesse.

N o man can serue two masters well, and please them, any wyle:
Ye cannot serue our master Chyste, & flatter forging lyes.

† Ad ther
to. s.

O f suttile beawe and glosyng wordes, the commune soze in dede,
Are euer moze deceaued quyte, wherto they take great heede.

P erceau and see the beame so great whych is befoze thyne eyes:
And than correcte thy brothers faulte, withouten fraude or lyes.

Q uenche fyrste thys your malycious mynde, that burneth lyke the
And than your sclauder certaynely wil not be thought of Tre (ier

R emember that you reconple you to your brother agayne:
Or els your offspryng wyl not be receaued, this is playne.

S peake nothynge iudgyng any man, the wyle man doth exorte,
Woth bndayfled wylfulnes, noz gruing ill repozte.

T aunte none for vertue, whyle thou lyuest: for tha þ art not wise:
And wylt be truly taken for a foole, mayntayning vice.

† Nota vt
ante

W han Cammell folowes any poynte of this, as it apere,
And leaueth beawe and suttile wordes: we shal haue pleasat peres.

U ewe this good reader folowing, and that which is befoze,
To thend to frame thy lyfe therto, and mend it euer moze.

X Christ biddeth vs ensue his steppes, and suffre wzoge & greyfe:
As he hath suffred greuous payne, which is our health and lyfe.

Y ou most sayth Chyste obserue and kepe, for very inward zeale,
His Godly and deuine pzeceptes: and than you shal haue weale

S achary was, for godlynes, of wyl (and not constraynde)
Imputed iust befoze the Lord, I know this is not saynde.

A nd synally we ought to leaue all sclaunder, lyes, & strife:
For nothing is moze wickedder in mannes or womans lyfe.

C onsidering that wee shal gyue accomptes, befoze the lord,
Of all our dedes, our wicked thoughtes, and euery ydell worde.

E ste me not this as vanytie, and nedelesse matters eke:
For than in the (good brother myne) is wpydome farte to seeke.

A mend thy self by the pzeceptes, and beare me no dysdayne:
And than passe I nothynge at all thoughe it be thakelesse payne.

finis. q Richarde Beearde.

Imprynted at London in fletstrete by Wpilyam Copland.